

A New BALLAD,

To the Tune of King John, and the Abbot of Canterbury.

1.
As soon as the Wind it came kindly about,
That kept the KING in, and his Enemies out,
He determin'd no longer his Confinement to bear,
And thus to the Dutchess his Mind did declare.
Derry down, &c.

2.
You know, my Dear *Kenny*, I've been tir'd a long while
With living obscurely in this poor LITTLE ISLE;
And now *Spain* and *Pretender* have no more Minesto spring,
I'm resolv'd to go home, and to live like A KING.
Derry down, &c.

3.
Quoth *Kenny*, Great Sir, I approve your Design,
You could never have chosen a Season so fine,
The Nation's united, and your Ministers too,
And your Foes may be drown'd for ought that we know.
Derry down, &c.

4.
But however for fear of what happen'd before,
When you went and intrusted your Son with your Pow'r;
I'd advise you for this time, that he may not rebel,
To leave him Restrictions not to govern too well,
Derry down, &c.

5.
For that, quoth the KING, it is very well known
There is so great a difference 'twixt me and my Son,
That he can't represent me, but to hinder all strife,
I've pitch'd on Thirteen that can do't to the life,
Derry down, &c.

6.
Then *Kenny* reply'd, 'tis most prudently done,
I'm glad you've Thirteen better Men than your Son;
Let me look o're their Names we shall easily see,
How much fitter they are to be trusted than He.
Derry down, &c.

7.
It matters not much for his *Archbishop's* Grace,
Ev'n let him be One because of his place:
But for *Parker*, no doubt, there's very good Reason,
He'll sign the Commision, and laugh at High Treason.
Derry down, &c.

8.
Take *Stanhope* abroad, he has show'd you of late
He's an eminent Quack for Diseases of State,
You may trust what his Quadruple Bill does set forth,
It has done in the *South*, it will do in the *North*.
Derry down, &c.

9.
His Medicines will suit *German*, *Christian*, or *Turk*,
And make Peace or War as they happen to Work;
He performs all his Cures without Trouble or Pain,
As can well be attested by the *Regent* and *Spain*.
Derry down, &c.

10.
For *Sunderland*, sure, his Pretensions are just,
He comes of a Race for a Monarch to trust;
And gave you abroad strong proof of his Skill,
When he sav'd you from Those that meant you no ill.
Derry down, &c.

11.
And I doubt not he'd serve you again the same way,
If he had e're a Friend still left to betray:
Can't you take him abroad to serve under your Quack,
For 'tis hardly safe trusting him behind your Back.
Derry down, &c.

12.
Argyle he deserves more than what you have done,
He try'd all he could to betray your dear Son;
He serv'd you sincerely, and employ'd all his Skill,
To find you a Reason for using him ill.
Derry down, &c.

13.
And had not your Stars been equally Strong,
To keep Him in the Right and you in the Wrong,
It might have induc'd him such Schemes to pursue,
As had made him belov'd full as little as you.
Derry down, &c.

14.
Your Admiral better deserves this Commision,
Than e're he did that for his Sea-Expedition;
Tho' he left his Command e'er the danger was known,
He'll not quietly part with his share of a Crown.
Derry down, &c.

15.
For my Lord Privy Seal, and my Lord President,
The one Duke of *Kingston*, the other of *Kent*,
Bolton, *Roxborough*, *Newcastle*, they sure are such Things,
That *Pinky* would starve if he shou'd 'em for Kings.
Derry down, &c.

16.
As for old *Craggs's* Son I think 'twill be best
To leave him at home for the use of the rest;
I fear they may want him, when e're they Indite,
I'm sure he can Read, and perhaps he can Write.
Derry down, &c.

17.
Howe'er I'll not question the force of your Rules,
To turn one Man of Sense into Thirteen such Fools:
But I hope I may say without any Offence,
You'll ne'er turn Thirteen Fools into one Man of Sense.
Derry down, &c.

18.
I must own this Choice frees you from one Imputation,
That you turn'd off your Son for Pleating the Nation,
For these you have chosen will please more by half,
If they are to be pleas'd, by making them Laugh.
Derry down, &c.

19.
On the whole I'll be hang'd if all over the Realm,
There are Thirteen such Fools to put at the Helm;
So for this time be easy, nor have one jealous Thought
They han't Sense to Sellyou, nor are worth being Bought.
Derry down, &c.

20.
'Tis for that, quoth the KING, in very plain French,
I chose them for my Regents, and you for my Wench;
And neither I'm sure can their Trust e'er betray,
For the Devil won't take yee, if I turn yee away.
Derry down, &c.

